



The Gleaner.

Vol. II.

No. 2.

MARCH, 1902.

CONTENTS.

MARCH.

THE MIST'S DREAM.

TRACKING THE HONEY BEE.

EDITORIALS.

ALUMNI NOTES.

AGRICULTURAL.

FORESTRY.

PERSONALS AND SOCIALS.

EXCHANGES.

ADDITIONS TO FARM SCHOOL LIBRARY.

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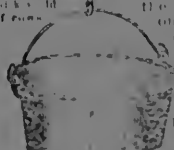
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THE GLEANER

Vol. II.

NATIONAL FARM SCHOOL, MARCH, 1902.

No. 2.

MARCH.

The stormy March has come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing
skies;

I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me!

For thou, to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of SPRING.

And in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and
warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full spring, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms, the sullen threat;
But in thy sternest frown abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

—SELECTED.

The Miser's Dream.

It was a bleak March night. The wind shrieked piteously and the trees that skirted the forest of St. Elmo waved their leafless branches defiantly in the frosty air. The sky was screened with

fleecy clouds, yet through them shone the mellow beams of the moon. Within the shelter of the rocky hurst there stood one solitary hut. A stranger would have taken it for a deserted hovel, yet within those crumbling walls, half covered over with creeping ivy, lived a man far advanced in years. He was sixty or thereabouts, while his wrinkled face and weather-beaten brow told of many hardships. His hair was silvery gray and his dark eyes pierced the darkness like those of an owl. He had found the world hard to deal with, like so many of us, but by stinted living, by sometimes depriving himself of his meals, he had, at last, laid by a goodly hoard. But now we find him, battling with disease, bending beneath the weight of years, with only a few shining coins as a compensation. And what had all these years of heart-rendering struggles and weary vicissitudes created? Naught but a being who had prized gold more than life; sickness, rather than health; infirmity, rather than strength, and solitude, rather than enjoyment. A man who had made gold his altar and hunger the sacrifice. And what name could be given to such a man? None but the deserved name of MISER. Such a man was of no credit to his fellow creatures. Hundreds starved before he would give succor. How well he remembered the suffering children, the sorrowing mothers, and the fathers driven by necessity to coming to him for food; but he sneered at their wants, and regarded their curses as blessings. Yet we find

him crouching within the dim light of a candle, which threw its fantastic shadows upon the superannuated walls. The very air he breathed was damp and cold, and in it lurked the bacteria of disease. No crackling flames nor the warmth of a blazing fire greeted his shivering frame, for the building of one would have necessitated an expenditure. Now he rises and locks the oaken door, then with a grim smile he loosens the mouldy boards of the floor and from thence draws forth bag upon bag of yellowish metal. "Ah, my guineas," he mutters, as he unties each sack with a quivering hand; "'tis alone for you I live; 'twas you that gave me these gray hairs, but the profit is greater than the forfeit. Without you my life would be——" and here he stopped short, for the rattling of the door aroused his suspicions. He arose, opened it and peered into the darkness. Only the wind howling about the rocking structure like a pack of heinous wolves, befell his straining ears, while a night owl hooted a querulous hoot as the door was relocked.

Once again the miser was cringing over his money bags, counting piece after piece. He resembled King Midas of old, with the difference that Midas was at last satisfied. The hours wiled drowsily by, but still the coins jingled as piece after piece was gently pressed in the palm of his cranny hand. Thousands and thousands were laid away in the dark passages, but at last the clinking discontinued, the monotonous mumbling ceased, and the air was still. The miser had dropped into a peaceful slumber, nature's method of rest. And while he slept he had a sublime vision. He found himself in a spacious forest, and as he walked the trees formed an archway overhead. The happy birds flew from branch to branch chirping their sweetest harmonies. The honey bees sped by humming their labor anthems, while the violets sprung up at his feet and the sweet cicely threw out its fragrance to the flitting butterfly. The rills sang their tuneful melodies, while the

tangled vines wound their drooping tendrils about the stalwart tree trunks. The squirrels played hide and seek about his stately form, and a panting hare forgot his excitement and stopped to survey this lovely creature. Out of a marshy spot piped a quail, while a wild dove answered with a coo. The willows raised their drooping heads as the miser passed and a whip-poor-will gave vent to a beautiful chord. All was so beautiful. It seemed a paradise. He stooped to pluck a blushing primrose from its stalk, when the forest with all its beauties faded away, and in its stead he found himself at the foot of a towering mountain.

He tried to climb, but each effort was fruitless, and at last he sank exhausted to the earth. But he could not rest. Ever and anon a voice seemed to be ringing in his ears, "Onward and upward, thou sluggard," and his strength returned. A hickory limb furnished a ready staff, and by its aid he wended his way up the craggy path. How rarefied the air seemed! The refreshing breezes cooled his hot brow and with a feeling of fatigue in his weary limbs he stopped to survey the country below. Far, far beneath, lay the peaceful meadows with the sheep quietly grazing. There were the orchards loaded with luscious fruits, while the docile kine quenched their thirst at the little creek, and still beyond, the faint glimmer of the church steeples brought to mind the buzz and bustle of city life. In this peaceful state of mind he forgot his mission, but again the voice kept ringing in his ears. Higher and higher he went. Now, the earth he trod seemed to be transformed into a dull gray, then into a resplendent silver, while at the very summit the mountain was changed to glistening gold. This sight spurred him on. Was it the gold for which the mysterious voice had urged him on? Faster and more eagerly he climbed till he had surmounted the height; but his heart sickened, for what he thought was gold was but the reflection of the beauteous sun in the heavens above.

But still there is something to comfort his affected spirits and to soothe his vexed heart. Strains of music far sweeter than that of Orpheus, more entrancing than that of Amphion, befall his ears. Now it was a mournful tune, gradually changing into a soft love song, then into a quick-step, and dying away in a battle hymn. He looked about him in wonder and as he gazed the heavens became brighter, the sun's rays became more radiant, while the pearl white clouds that thronged the skies opened their airy gates, and from behind their shelter marched forth a troop of colossal angels, each with a golden harp, which was strung in the attitude of producing bewitching music. Yet how familiar they were to him. In them he recognized the poor, helpless ones who had begged for food at his very door and whom he had tauntingly refused. But now they were all so happy and as they passed him by they looked the very picture of contentment, and before they passed from sight they played a beautiful strain out of pity for him. And as the angelic column disappeared

Continued on page 10.



Tracking the Honey Bee.

Who that enjoys country life has not wondered where the busy little bee stores his honey? Such was my experience. I was reclining in the shade of a large apple tree one day last summer with several companions at my side. The busy bees were noted and some one expressed a desire to know of the whereabouts of the sweet honey. There and then we decided to find it. This is how we proceeded:

Six saucers containing honey were procured and placed in the path of the

unsuspecting bees. Then we watched. Presently a bee alighted upon one of the saucers. In a short time it flew away, doubtless having its fill, and perhaps desiring to inform its companions of the luscious treasure it had discovered. One of our companions followed the bee with his eyes and noting the place where the bee was seen to disappear, approached it and placed a saucer at the spot. We then followed. Presently more bees alighted upon the saucers, and in this wise we tracked them to a decayed apple tree.

About eight feet from the ground a large hole was seen, where we were certain the honey lay hidden.

Here was a problem. How to remove the honey? "Let us cut down the tree," some one suggested. We were good boys, so, obtaining the permission of the owner, with a bribe of one-third of the honey obtained, we proceeded to hew away at the old tree; not before we had rid ourselves of the more rightful owners, namely, the bees. A bee-smoking lamp was procured, (easier said than performed), and with the aid of a ladder placed in the opening. In a short time the lamp was removed, and to our joy the bees swarmed out, and away they flew.

For an hour we hacked away at the old stump. We were getting discouraged. One mighty stroke! and out oozed the luscious honey. The awful heat of the sun had quite melted the honey and it flowed out like maple syrup.

What cared we for the few stings that the returning bees were disposed to give us? Giving the owner one-third of our robbery, we still had three and one-half pails, averaging forty pounds to the pail. Netting us fifteen cents per pound, you can easily figure out our profits.

R. KYSELA, '05.

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EDITORIALS.

As dimly seen upon the horizon the approaching graduation day does not interrupt the good work that the members of the Senior Class are performing in their organization. The programs are replete with interesting exercises in the nature of informal talks, out of which more benefit is derived than were lengthy papers presented. As the result of a two weeks' to a month's search by the members of the class, topics dealing with political economy, science, literature, yes, religion, share the time with topics dealing with agriculture and the kindred sciences.

That this work should be taken up by all the classes is hardly to be expected. "Every man according to his capacity," as a motto, the other classes need not be far behind. The work requires dili-

gent research rather than original thinking; a clear understanding of what one reads and a willingness to impart the same to your classmates, and the latter to listen.

* *

In the preparation for our Anniversary Number a great mass of material was collected, some of which we were compelled to reject. We take this occasion for the first time to speak of rejected matter, and we hope it will be the last. It is useless to waste time to condemn the editor as an unappreciative ninny. He may be a hard-hearted old fellow, determined to be a bachelor, and your pretty, sweet, little love story may not exactly suit his unrefined taste; or, on the other hand, he may be in love, and he cares not a snap for your blood and thunder tale of the missionary and the savage pirate.

But the wants of the editor of your paper need not be studied. They are simple; they can be reduced to a simple formula:

Almost any subject, it's all in the

Treatment: Pure English, grammar, rhetoric and style, the best on the market; neat penmanship and a wide margin for editorial corrections.

Time: As often as possible, the more the better.

Note: In case of failure, give larger doses of the preparation under treatment.

* *

THE READING OF FICTION.

The proverbially pious old maids of the reading world are those that shake their bony indexes at you and rail at you for not reading the books they delight in. "Why waste your time reading novels, romances and other forms of fiction?"

"The Tale of Two Cities," let us say, is engaging your attention. You desire

to gain a knowledge of the Reign of Terror, you try to explain. "Then why don't you study Carlyle's 'French Revolution?'" exclaims your literary mentor.

Would that such people studied the lives of men who have attained distinction in all walks of life, men who loved to read, and men who wrote that others may read. Let them turn back, frankly, the pages of their own lives and see what class of books engaged their first attention. To their astonishment, invariably will they find that nothing more than the story of, perhaps, the prince, who after many impossible adventures, marries the princess, (needless to say, beautiful), and lives happily afterwards, was that which first excited their love for reading.

Such is the first value of fiction. Stimulating the love of reading in the young mind, the taste and standard of the young reader rises higher and higher, until the mature mind develops into a Lincoln or Gladstone or Longfellow.

The reading of fiction has another distinct value. We may study Guizot and a host of other French historians, and yet not get the lasting impression of the time of Richelieu as is gotten when reading Dumas's vivid and inimitable "Three Guardsmen" books. The truths and beauties of history are never so strikingly pictured as when it forms the nucleus around which the author weaves the web of fancy. Never does an historical occurrence become so indelibly engraved upon the memory as when seasoned with the spice of the romancer and the novelist.

* * *

Within the last few weeks many new books have been added to our library. Among them there is Martha Wolfenstein's book, *Idyl's of the Gass*, a picture of Jewish life—ghetto life; ghetto

life in the true sense of the word; in Germany, the hot-bed and nursery of anti-semitism, depicted with such realism, with glints of humor and pathos here and there that, unconsciously, one wishes that the authoress would go on forever. How deftly Shimele, the little boy hero, and his grandmother are painted; with what simplicity of language the joys and sorrows, humors and prejudices of the inhabitants of the prison Gass are pictured! A more extended review of the book has been prepared by one of the staff and will appear in a later issue.



ALUMNI NOTES.

The Alumni department is maintained for the benefit of the graduates who, naturally, desire to know of the whereabouts and the progress of their former classmates. Students possessing any items of interest should not be backward in producing the same, for, as H. Rich, '01, writes from far away Texas, that any news about the school or its graduates, notwithstanding how trivial, is read with interest by those who have severed their connections with the school.

H. Rich, while on his way to Washington, D. C., from whence he was assigned to Texas, to commence operations upon a new line of tobacco experiments, paid us a visit, remaining over night. His present address is Willis, Montgomery County, Texas.

M. Lebowitz writes interestingly of the "Blue Grass" State. He succeeded S. Kolinsky, '01, in the management of Mr. Bernheim's estate.

S. Kolinsky has returned east. He has accepted the management of a farm at West Chester, Pa. He also was a visitor at the school, as was George W. Ibaugh, '01, the latter on the 10th ult.



Agricultural.



THE coming of spring is the cause of much preparation on the part of those who contemplate beautifying their home surroundings. Much of the beauty of the home surroundings in summer depends upon the condition of the lawns and upon the selection of those plants whose colors gradually blending together have a pleasing effect upon the eye.

Those who live in the city and are fortunate enough to have a yard should utilize every inch of ground for the growing of some plant.

Now is the time to formulate plans as to the shape of the flower beds and the kind of plants that are to be placed in them. The best and most common border plants are the alternanthera and coleus; they are of many varieties and their colors may be made to harmonize with almost all other plants.

With either of the above used as a border we may secure very pretty and inexpensive beds by planting singly or together, according to the artistic taste, such favorite plants as the geranium and canna. As a center the castor oil plant (*ricinus-communis*) would make the bed quite attractive.

A rockery would be an excellent addition to any garden. Rockeries are usually built in cool or shady places; the broken rocks and inlaid shells are partially covered with soil and ferns and mosses and with climbing vines. A fountain placed in the center always affords delight and pleasure to the passer-by as well as the owner.

On large grounds the monotony of the rolling lawns is broken by the planting of shrubbery, planting in beds many

varieties of tall-growing grasses or by beds fancifully designed.

The shabbiness of the fence is usually overcome by planting vines. The honeysuckle is a favorite, while other vines with less fragrant flowers are often used. For lattice work the morning glory and climbing rose are the prevailing favorites.

For fancy fences the arbor-vitae and privets are considered to be the best. They are easily kept in order and they can be trained into almost any fantastic shape.

One finds that it is not difficult after all to make the home environments much more pleasant by the addition of plant culture in their every-day routine of work.

The proudest person in the city is the one who raises the best flowers in the garden, while in the country a man is judged by the way his house is kept and the condition of his flower beds and lawns that surround it. G. S. B.

FORESTRY.

The aim of the forester is to discover means for the promotion and application of principles according to which the forests are best to be managed. The relation of arboriculture to that of forestry is that the former deals with individual trees while forestry treats of trees growing on a large area of land upon which trees of every description may be found.

The forest is the most highly organized portion of the vegetable world. It also plays an important part in the history of the animal, which generally makes its home in some favorite nook. Were it

not for the forests, agriculture in many districts of United States would not be profitable. It tends to prevent floods and droughts and supplies many of the necessities of life, the most important of which is fuel. Were it not for the forest the building of railroads, cities and all the great achievements of material progress would long have been delayed or wholly impossible. The forest is not only useful but beautiful. No person can really know the forest without feeling the gentle influence of one of the kindest and strongest parts of nature. From every point of view it is one of the most helpful friends of man. Perhaps no other natural agent has done so much for human kind and yet has been so recklessly used and treated without the least knowledge of its derivation.

The nature of a tree as shown by its behavior in the forest is called its sylvicultural character. The regions in which a tree will live; the places where it will flourish best; the trees it will grow with, and those which it outgrows or is outgrown by; its abundance or scarcity; its size and rate of growth—all these properties are decided by these inborn qualities or sylvicultural character of each particular variety of trees. The tolerance or intolerance of trees is one of their most important sylvicultural characters. It is the first thing that the forester seeks to learn of them, because what he can safely accomplish in the woods depends largely upon it.

Another matter which is of the deepest interest to the forester is the reproductive power of trees. Except as in the case of sprouts and other growth fed by old roots, this depends first of all on the quantity of seed the tree bears; but so many other considerations affect the results that a tree which bears seed abundantly may not reproduce itself very well.

Many species of trees may be found in all sections of the country. The distribution of trees in mixed and pure forest depends largely upon the nature

of the seed. On entering a forest, trees are found everywhere grouped together; each individual tree struggling with its neighbors for light, air and food, and constantly working to bring about the most favorable conditions for its own growth.

The different stages of tree life are distinguished mostly by their size, each tree named accordingly. Young trees which have not reached a height of three feet are called seedlings; those which have attained a height from three to ten feet and a diameter of four inches are called saplings; those which are from one to two feet in diameter are called standards, and those above two feet are veterans. All tree diameters are measured about four feet above ground.

Trees will germinate on any place suitable for their growth. The roots of the young trees contend with each other in the soil for the moisture and plant food it contains. While the trees are pushing upward most rapidly the side branches are quickly overshadowed, and the process called natural pruning takes place. For this reason most of our large forests contain trees with very small tops and tall branchless trunks.

One of the most important characteristics of a forest is the dying of the young and old trees. Although there are many causes, the main ones are due to weakness, decay, constant struggle with their neighbors, and from being cut down without replacement. In many parts of the country trees are often killed by lightning, which has also been known to set forests on fire. Most of the forest's enemies may be called natural, but the most serious dangers are from the hands of man.

At present the Department of Agriculture has a Bureau of Forestry, in which a force of well-trained men are employed for the promotion of forests, their planting and preservation.

Most of the States have special appointed men to exercise the control of forest matters. The fact that forestry is an important factor at the present time is proven by the actions of many universities that have been and are organizing courses affording a special course in this work.

M. GOLDMAN, '04.

EXCHANGES.

NOTICE TO OUR EXCHANGES.

Henceforth a list of our *new* exchanges only will be published. Your receipt of THE GLEANER will be evidence that we received your journal.

In addition to thirty old exchanges the following are the *new* exchanges received: *Delphic News*, Scranton, Pa.; *Colfax Collegian*, Colfax, Wash.; *Spectator*, Louisville, Ky.; *Argus*, Plymouth, N. H.; *Observer*, Decatur, Ill.; *Public School Exponent*, Pine Bluff, Ark.

The best exchange that we have received this month is *The Jacob Tome Institute Monthly*. The article on "Prague" is very descriptive and interesting.

We are in receipt of the *Spectator*, from Louisville, Kentucky. The literary matter is abundant and very entertaining, but we are sorry to state that no consideration is given to the editorial column. This is the only exchange we have received this month which lacks this important department.

We walked together in the wood,
We wandered far and wide;
About the same in class we stood—
We flunked there side by side.—*Ex.*

The *Pottsville High School Journal* is still keeping up to its high standard and is a credit to its supporters. The story entitled "Their Valentine" is very good and original.

One of our latest exchanges is the *Colfax Collegian*. Although it has just started in the world of journalism it seems that it is determined to progress. We do not like to criticise too harshly, but poor printing is very common throughout.

Don't "hitch your wagon to a star,"
Young man, for as a rule,
'Twill be more practical by far
To hitch it to a mule.—*Ex.*

From the far West we are greeted by

The Pulse. Short and unique stories and a neatly arranged exchange column are the features.

The *Delphic News* is also a newcomer, from Sharon, Pa. "The Origin and Development of the English Novel" is a very well written article.

GLEANINGS.

English History puzzles me,
I never could see why;
For after so many long reigns,
It still should seem so dry.—*Ex.*

Street Car Conductor—"How old is that boy, madam?"

Lady—"Why do you ask?"

Conductor—"Because it's a fare question."—*Ex.*

Mistress (angrily)—"See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust."

Servant (admiringly)—"Oh, mum, that's more than I can do. There is nothing like eddication after all, is there?"—*Ex.*

The woman whistled to stop the car,
And it stopped short as she did it;
But it wasn't the whistle, but more by far,
The face she made when she did it.
—*Ex.*

HONESTY.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God." Would that more of His work in this line were manifest on week days. Parents who are not honest can hardly expect their children to be honest. And teachers who write essays, commencement orations and contest debates for their pupils, should not wonder at or search long for the cause of cheating in examinations or copying the daily work of others in an effort to secure a grade. The outcry against these evils comes from the universities and colleges as well as the secondary schools, and is the legitimate fruit of those contests in oration and debate which are really between members of the respective faculties, although the students are the mouthpieces and supposedly the writers.—*Jacob Tome Institute Monthly*.

The Miser's Dream.

Continued from page 3.

in the depths of the clouds, from another came a celestial being with wide-spread wings of whiteness. The face wore a sad look and in those features he recognized his mother. He covered his face in shame as he listened to the words of advice, of admonition and reproach; but all too late. Could he start life anew and leave his money? These thoughts were hard to overcome, yet he looked up to let his mother know that, at least, he understood, and to beg forgiveness of one whom he so grossly had wronged; but all was darkness.

He awoke while the cold perspiration rolled down his face. He could not believe his eyes. Yes, there before him was his gold, still uncounted. But what was the meaning of his dream? How well he remembered every particular. 'Twas but a prophecy, The forest with all its beauties and temptations represented youth; the mountain which was so hard to surmount was manhood, while the gold and silver were representations of the hoard that he had stored away. But what of the angels and their meaning? He tried to think, but his brain was a blur. He was growing faint; his head drooped on his breast and his eyes bulged at the sockets. He arose to open the door that the fresh air might revive him, but his limbs were too weak to support him. His eyes befell his money bags and with a desperate effort he crawled to them. But even the sight of such cherished riches could not strengthen him. His breath became shorter and his heart beat slower. He knew he was dying. He raised his hands in supplication to the Almighty, for his heart was at last moved, with a prayer of forgiveness. But his mouth

could not frame the words; instead there was a feeble gasp, a slight gurgling in the throat, and the miser's spirit had departed to another world. He had starved himself to death.

ELMORE I. LEE, '04.



Additions to the Farm School Library.

The large addition of new books to our library will necessitate the removal of the library from its present quarters to the reception room on the second floor. The following is a partial list of the new books; the remainder and donors of which has been reserved for a later issue.

NEW BOOKS.

Idyls of the Gass by Martha Wolfenstein.
The Workers of the East by Wykoff.
Dumas's Works.
Thackeray's Works.
Poe's Tales.
Shakespeare's Works.
Hugo's Works.
Kipling's Works.
The Making of An American by Jacob A. Rus.
Forage Crops Other than Grasses by Shaw.
Soiling Crops and the Silo by Shaw.
The Study of Breeds by Shaw.
Principles of Fruit Growing by Bailey.
Principles of Agriculture by Bailey.
Principles of Vegetable Gardening by Bailey.
Bush Fruits by Curd.
Feeding of Animals by Jorden.
Farm Poultry by Watson.
Handbook of Horticulture by Henderson.
Pruning Book by Bailey.
Lessons with Plants by Bailey.
Survival of the Unlike by Bailey.
Packard's, Guide to the Study of Insects.
Crozier's, Dictionary of Botanical Terms.
How to Know the Wild Flowers by Dana.
Commercial Geography.
Bloxam's, Chemistry Enlarged.
Todd's, New Astronomy.
Manual of Botany (revised) by Asa Gray.
Short History of the English People by Green.
Cyclopedia of Horticulture, 4 volumes, edited by L. H. Bailey.

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